

UC-NRLF



Б 798 843



LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
DAVIS

BERTRAND SMITH'S  
"ACRES OF BOOKS"  
633 MAIN ST.  
CINCINNATI







By *William Vaughn Moody*

---

GLOUCESTER MOORS AND OTHER POEMS.  
THE FIRE-BRINGER.  
THE MASQUE OF JUDGMENT.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

# GLOUCESTER MOORS

## AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
*The Riverside Press* Cambridge

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
DAVIS

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

## NOTE

SEVERAL poems of this collection, including "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," "The Brute," and "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines," have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*; "Gloucester Moors" and "Faded Pictures," in *Scribner's Magazine*; and "The Ride Back," under a different title in the *Chap-Book*. The author is indebted to the editors of these periodicals for leave to reprint.



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
GLOUCESTER MOORS . . . . .	I
GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT . . . . .	5
ROAD-HYMN FOR THE START . . . . .	9
AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION . . . . .	12
THE QUARRY . . . . .	22
ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIP- PINES . . . . .	24
UNTIL THE TROUBLING OF THE WATERS . . . . .	26
JETSAM . . . . .	39
THE BRUTE . . . . .	49
THE MENAGERIE . . . . .	55
THE GOLDEN JOURNEY . . . . .	62
HEART'S WILD-FLOWER . . . . .	65
HARMONICS . . . . .	67
ON THE RIVER . . . . .	68
THE BRACELET OF GRASS . . . . .	70
THE DEPARTURE . . . . .	72
FADED PICTURES . . . . .	74
A GREY DAY . . . . .	75
THE RIDE BACK . . . . .	76

SONG-FLOWER AND POPPY . . .	80
I. IN NEW YORK	
II. AT ASSISI	
HOW THE MEAD-SLAVE WAS SET FREE . .	86
A DIALOGUE IN PURGATORY . . .	89
THE DAGUERREOTYPE . . . .	98

POEMS



## GLOUCESTER MOORS

A MILE behind is Gloucester town  
Where the fishing fleets put in,  
A mile ahead the land dips down  
And the woods and farms begin.  
Here, where the moors stretch free  
In the high blue afternoon,  
Are the marching sun and talking sea,  
And the racing winds that wheel and flee  
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,  
Blue is the quaker-maid,  
The wild geranium holds its dew  
Long in the boulder's shade.  
Wax-red hangs the cup  
From the huckleberry boughs,  
In barberry bells the grey moths sup,  
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up  
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove  
Beach-peas blossom late.

## GLOUCESTER MOORS

By copse and cliff the swallows rove  
Each calling to his mate.  
Seaward the sea-gulls go,  
And the land-birds all are here;  
That green-gold flash was a vireo,  
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow  
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place  
We landsmen build upon ;  
From deep to deep she varies pace,  
And while she comes is gone.  
Beneath my feet I feel  
Her smooth bulk heave and dip ;  
With velvet plunge and soft upreel  
She swings and steadies to her keel  
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,  
The sun is her masthead light,  
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail  
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.  
Now hid, now looming clear,  
On the face of the dangerous blue  
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,  
But on, but on does the old earth steer  
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God ! Does she know her port,  
Though she goes so far about ?  
Or blind astray, does she make her sport  
To brazen and chance it out ?  
I watched when her captains passed :  
She were better captainless.  
Men in the cabin, before the mast,  
But some were reckless and some aghast,  
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught  
Sounds from the noisome hold, —  
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught  
And cries too sad to be told.  
Then I strove to go down and see ;  
But they said, “ Thou art not of us ! ”  
I turned to those on the deck with me  
And cried, “ Give help ! ” But they said, “ Let  
be :  
Our ship sails faster thus.”

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,  
Blue is the quaker-maid,  
The alder-clump where the brook comes through  
Breeds cresses in its shade.  
To be out of the moiling street  
With its swelter and its sin !

Who has given to me this sweet,  
And given my brother dust to eat?  
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,  
Yellow and white and brown,  
Boats and boats from the fishing banks  
Come home to Gloucester town.  
There is cash to purse and spend,  
There are wives to be embraced,  
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,  
And hearts to take and keep to the end, —  
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,  
What harbor town for thee?  
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,  
Shall crowd the banks to see?  
Shall all the happy shipmates then  
Stand singing brotherly?  
Or shall a haggard ruthless few  
Warp her over and bring her to,  
While the many broken souls of men  
Fester down in the slaver's pen,  
And nothing to say or do?

## GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT

AT last the bird that sang so long  
In twilight circles, hushed his song :  
Above the ancient square  
The stars came here and there.

Good Friday night ! Some hearts were bowed,  
But some amid the waiting crowd  
Because of too much youth  
Felt not that mystic ruth ;

And of these hearts my heart was one :  
Nor when beneath the arch of stone  
With dirge and candle flame  
The cross of passion came,

Did my glad spirit feel reproof,  
Though on the awful tree aloof,  
Unspiritual, dead,  
Drooped the ensanguined Head.

To one who stood where myrtles made  
A little space of deeper shade

(As I could half descry,  
A stranger, even as I),

I said, " These youths who bear along  
The symbols of their Saviour's wrong,  
The spear, the garment torn,  
The flaggel, and the thorn, —

" Why do they make this mummerly ?  
Would not a brave man gladly die  
For a much smaller thing  
Than to be Christ and king ? "

He answered nothing, and I turned.  
Throned in its hundred candles burned  
The jeweled eidolon  
Of her who bore the Son.

The crowd was prostrate ; still, I felt  
No shame until the stranger knelt ;  
Then not to kneel, almost  
Seemed like a vulgar boast.

I knelt. The doll-face, waxen white,  
Flowered out a living dimness ; bright  
Dawned the dear mortal grace  
Of my own mother's face.

When we were risen up, the street  
Was vacant ; all the air hung sweet  
With lemon-flowers ; and soon  
The sky would hold the moon.

More silently than new-found friends  
To whom much silence makes amends  
For the much babble vain  
While yet their lives were twain,

We walked along the odorous hill.  
The light was little yet ; his will  
I could not see to trace  
Upon his form or face.

So when aloft the gold moon broke,  
I cried, heart-stung. As one who woke  
He turned unto my cries  
The anguish of his eyes.

“ Friend ! Master ! ” I cried falteringly,  
“ Thou seest the thing they make of thee.  
Oh, by the light divine  
My mother shares with thine,

“ I beg that I may lay my head  
Upon thy shoulder and be fed

With thoughts of brotherhood ! ”  
So through the odorous wood,

More silently than friends new-found  
We walked. At the first meadow bound  
His figure ashen-stoled  
Sank in the moon's broad gold.

## ROAD-HYMN FOR THE START

LEAVE the early bells at chime,  
Leave the kindled hearth to blaze,  
Leave the trellised panes where children linger  
out the waking-time,  
Leave the forms of sons and fathers trudging  
through the misty ways,  
Leave the sounds of mothers taking up their sweet  
laborious days.

Pass them by ! even while our soul  
Yearns to them with keen distress.  
Unto them a part is given ; we will strive to see  
the whole.  
Dear shall be the banquet table where their sing-  
ing spirits press ;  
Dearer be our sacred hunger, and our pilgrim  
loneliness.

We have felt the ancient swaying  
Of the earth before the sun,  
On the darkened marge of midnight heard sidereal  
rivers playing ;

10 ROAD-HYMN FOR THE START

Rash it was to bathe our souls there, but we  
plunged and all was done.  
That is lives and lives behind us — lo, our jour-  
ney is begun !

Careless where our face is set,  
Let us take the open way.  
What we are no tongue has told us : Errand-  
goers who forget ?  
Soldiers heedless of their harry ? Pilgrim people  
gone astray ?  
We have heard a voice cry “ Wander ! ” That  
was all we heard it say.

Ask no more : 't is much, 't is much !  
Down the road the day-star calls ;  
Touched with change in the wide heavens, like a  
leaf the frost winds touch,  
Flames the failing moon a moment, ere it shrivels  
white and falls ;  
Hid aloft, a wild throat holdeth sweet and sweeter  
intervals.

Leave him still to ease in song  
Half his little heart's unrest :  
Speech is his, but we may journey toward the life  
for which we long.

God, who gives the bird its anguish, maketh nothing manifest,  
But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of  
endless quest.

## AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION

(After seeing at Boston the statue of Robert Gould Shaw, killed while storming Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, at the head of the first enlisted negro regiment, the 54th Massachusetts.)

### I

BEFORE the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens made  
To thrill the heedless passer's heart with awe,  
And set here in the city's talk and trade  
To the good memory of Robert Shaw,  
This bright March morn I stand,  
And hear the distant spring come up the land ;  
Knowing that what I hear is not unheard  
Of this boy soldier and his negro band,  
For all their gaze is fixed so stern ahead,  
For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.  
The land they died to save from death and shame  
Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's great  
name,  
And by her pangs these resolute ghosts are stirred.

### II

Through street and mall the tides of people go  
Heedless; the trees upon the Common show

No hint of green ; but to my listening heart  
 The still earth doth impart  
 Assurance of her jubilant emprise,  
 And it is clear to my long-searching eyes  
 That love at last has might upon the skies.  
 The ice is runneled on the little pond ;  
 A telltale patter drips from off the trees ;  
 The air is touched with southland spiceries,  
 As if but yesterday it tossed the frond  
 Of pendent mosses where the live-oaks grow  
 Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,  
 Or had its will among the fruits and vines  
 Of aromatic isles asleep beyond  
 Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

## III

Soon shall the Cape Ann children shout in glee,  
 Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse ;  
 Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose  
 Go honking northward over Tennessee ;  
 West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-Marie,  
 And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung,  
 And yonder where, gigantic, willful, young,  
 Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,  
 With restless violent hands and casual tongue  
 Moulding her mighty fates,  
 The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen ;

14 AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION

And like a larger sea, the vital green  
Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung  
Over Dakota and the prairie states.  
By desert people immemorial  
On Arizonan mesas shall be done  
Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun;  
Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice  
More splendid, when the white Sierras call  
Unto the Rockies straightway to arise  
And dance before the unveiled ark of the year,  
Sounding their windy cedars as for shawms,  
Unrolling rivers clear  
For flutter of broad phylacteries;  
While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas  
That watch old sluggish glaciers downward creep  
To fling their icebergs thundering from the steep,  
And Mariposa through the purple calms  
Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms  
Where East and West are met, —  
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set  
To say that East and West are twain,  
With different loss and gain :  
The Lord hath sundered them ; let them be sun-  
dered yet.

IV

Alas ! what sounds are these that come  
Sullenly over the Pacific seas, —

Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb  
 The season's half-awakened ecstasies ?  
 Must I be humble, then,  
 Now when my heart hath need of pride ?  
 Wild love falls on me from these sculptured men ;  
 By loving much the land for which they died  
 I would be justified.  
 My spirit was away on pinions wide  
 To soothe in praise of her its passionate mood  
 And ease it of its ache of gratitude.  
 Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay  
 On me and the companions of my day.  
 I would remember now  
 My country's goodness, make sweet her name.  
 Alas ! what shade art thou  
 Of sorrow or of blame  
 Lifest the lyric leafage from her brow,  
 And pointest a slow finger at her shame ?

## v

Lies ! lies ! It cannot be ! The wars we wage  
 Are noble, and our battles still are won  
 By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.  
 We have not sold our loftiest heritage.  
 The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat  
 And scramble in the market-place of war ;  
 Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.

16 AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION

Here is her witness : this, her perfect son,  
This delicate and proud New England soul  
Who leads despised men, with just-unshackled  
feet,

Up the large ways where death and glory meet,  
To show all peoples that our shame is done,  
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

VI

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning sand  
All night he lay, speaking some simple word  
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,  
Holding each poor life gently in his hand  
And breathing on the base rejected clay  
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand  
Against the breaking day ;  
And lo, the shard the potter cast away  
Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine  
Fulfilled of the divine  
Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger  
stirred.

Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed  
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,  
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,  
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly  
seed, —

They swept, and died like freemen on the height,

Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;  
 And when the battle fell away at night  
 By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust  
 Obscurely in a common grave with him  
 The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.  
 Now limb doth mingle with dissolvèd limb  
 In nature's busy old democracy  
 To flush the mountain laurel when she blows  
 Sweet by the southern sea,  
 And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the  
     rose : —

The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew  
 This mountain fortress for no earthly hold  
 Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old  
 Of spiritual wrong,  
 Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong,  
 Expugnable but by a nation's rue  
 And bowing down before that equal shrine  
 By all men held divine,  
 Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

## VII

O bitter, bitter shade !  
 Wilt thou not put the scorn  
 And instant tragic question from thine eyes?  
 Do thy dark brows yet crave  
 That swift and angry stave —

18 AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION

Unmeet for this desirous morn —  
That I have striven, striven to evade ?  
Gazing on him, must I not deem they err  
Whose careless lips in street and shop aver  
As common tidings, deeds to make his cheek  
Flush from the bronze, and his dead throat to  
speak ?

Surely some elder singer would arise,  
Whose harp hath leave to threaten and to mourn  
Above this people when they go astray.  
Is Whitman, the strong spirit, overworn ?  
Has Whittier put his yearning wrath away ?  
I will not and I dare not yet believe !  
Though furtively the sunlight seems to grieve,  
And the spring-laden breeze  
Out of the gladdening west is sinister  
With sounds of nameless battle overseas ;  
Though when we turn and question in suspense  
If these things be indeed after these ways,  
And what things are to follow after these,  
Our fluent men of place and consequence  
Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow phrase,  
Or for the end-all of deep arguments  
Intone their dull commercial liturgies —  
I dare not yet believe ! My ears are shut !  
I will not hear the thin satiric praise  
And muffled laughter of our enemies,

Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword  
 Till we have changed our birthright for a gourd  
 Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut ;  
 Showing how wise it is to cast away  
 The symbols of our spiritual sway,  
 That so our hands with better ease  
 May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's  
 keys.

## VIII

Was it for this our fathers kept the law ?  
 This crown shall crown their struggle and their  
 ruth ?  
 Are we the eagle nation Milton saw  
 Mewing its mighty youth,  
 Soon to possess the mountain winds of truth,  
 And be a swift familiar of the sun  
 Where eye before God's face his trumpets run ?  
 Or have we but the talons and the maw,  
 And for the abject likeness of our heart  
 Shall some less lordly bird be set apart ? —  
 Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are  
 fat ?  
 Some gorger in the sun ? Some prowler with the  
 bat ?

## IX

Ah no !  
 We have not fallen so.

20 AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION

We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us  
know!

'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's cry  
Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us, for we  
die!"

Then Alabama heard,  
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho  
Shouted a burning word.  
Proud state with proud impassioned state con-  
ferred,

And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,  
East, west, and south, and north,  
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and  
young

Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,  
By the unforgotten names of eager boys  
Who might have tasted girls' love and been  
stung

With the old mystic joys  
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,  
But that the heart of youth is generous, —  
We charge you, ye who lead us,  
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!  
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!  
One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays  
Of their dear praise,  
One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,  
The implacable republic will require;

With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,  
 Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,  
 But surely, very surely, slow or soon  
 That insult deep we deeply will requite.  
 Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity !  
 For save we let the island men go free,  
 Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts  
 Will curse us from the lamentable coasts  
 Where walk the frustrate dead.  
 The cup of trembling shall be drained quite,  
 Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,  
 With ashes of the hearth shall be made white  
 Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent ;  
 Then on your guiltier head  
 Shall our intolerable self-disdain  
 Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain ;  
 For manifest in that disastrous light  
 We shall discern the right  
 And do it, tardily. — O ye who lead,  
 Take heed !  
 Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will  
 smite.

## THE QUARRY

BETWEEN the rice swamps and the fields of tea  
I met a sacred elephant, snow-white.  
Upon his back a huge pagoda towered  
Full of brass gods and food of sacrifice.  
Upon his forehead sat a golden throne,  
The massy metal twisted into shapes  
Grotesque, antediluvian, such as move  
In myth or have their broken images  
Sealed in the stony middle of the hills.  
A peacock spread his thousand dyes to screen  
The yellow sunlight from the head of one  
Who sat upon the throne, clad stiff with gems,  
Heirlooms of dynasties of buried kings, —  
Himself the likeness of a buried king,  
With frozen gesture and unfocused eyes.  
The trappings of the beast were over-scrawled  
With broideries — sea-shapes and flying things,  
Fan-trees and dwarfed nodosities of pine,  
Mixed with old alphabets, and faded lore  
Fallen from ecstatic mouths before the Flood,  
Or gathered by the daughters when they walked  
Eastward in Eden with the Sons of God  
Whom love and the deep moon made garrulous.

Between the carved tusks his trunk hung dead ;  
Blind as the eyes of pearl in Buddha's brow  
His beaded eyes stared thwart upon the road ;  
And feebler than the doting knees of eld,  
His joints, of size to swing the builder's crane  
Across the war-walls of the Anakim,  
Made vain and shaken haste. Good need was  
his

To hasten : panting, foaming, on the slot  
Came many brutes of prey, their several hates  
Laid by until the sharing of the spoil.  
Just as they gathered stomach for the leap,  
The sun was darkened, and wide-balanced wings  
Beat downward on the trade-wind from the sea.  
A wheel of shadow sped along the fields  
And o'er the dreaming cities. Suddenly  
My heart misgave me, and I cried aloud,  
" Alas ! What dost thou here ? What dost *thou*  
here ? "

The great beasts and the little halted sharp,  
Eyed the grand circler, doubting his intent.  
Straightway the wind flawed and he came about,  
Stooping to take the vanward of the pack ;  
Then turned, between the chasers and the chased,  
Crying a word I could not understand, —  
But stiller-tongued, with eyes somewhat askance,  
They settled to the slot and disappeared.

## ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES

STREETS of the roaring town,  
Hush for him, hush, be still !  
He comes, who was stricken down  
Doing the word of our will.  
Hush ! Let him have his state,  
Give him his soldier's crown.  
The grists of trade can wait  
Their grinding at the mill,  
But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet  
has been blown.  
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love  
on his breast of stone.

Toll ! Let the great bells toll  
Till the clashing air is dim.  
Did we wrong this parted soul ?  
We will make it up to him.  
Toll ! Let him never guess  
What work we set him to.  
Laurel, laurel, yes ;  
He did what we bade him do.

SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES 25

Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight  
he fought was good ;

Never a word that the blood on his sword was  
his country's own heart's-blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier

Who dies that his land may live ;

O, banners, banners here,

That he doubt not nor misgive !

That he heed not from the tomb

The evil days draw near

When the nation, robed in gloom,

With its faithless past shall strive.

Let him never dream that his bullet's scream  
went wide of its island mark,

Home to the heart of his darling land where she  
stumbled and sinned in the dark.

## UNTIL THE TROUBLING OF THE WATERS

Two hours, two hours : God give me strength  
for it !

He who has given so much strength to me  
And nothing to my child, must give to-day  
What more I need to try and save my child  
And get for him the life I owe to him.  
To think that I may get it for him now,  
Before he knows how much he might have  
missed

That other boys have got ! The bitterest thought  
Of all that plagued me when he came was this,  
How some day he would see the difference,  
And drag himself to me with puzzled eyes  
To ask me why it was. He would have been  
Cruel enough to do it, knowing not  
That was the question my rebellious heart  
Cried over and over one whole year to God,  
And got no answer and no help at all.  
If he had asked me, what could I have said ?  
What single word could I have found to say  
To hide me from his searching, puzzled gaze ?

Some coward thing at best, never the truth;  
The truth I never could have told him. No,  
I never could have said, "God gave you me  
To fashion you a body, right and strong,  
With sturdy little limbs and chest and neck  
For fun and fighting with your little mates,  
Great feats and voyages in the breathless world  
Of out-of-doors, — He gave you me for this,  
And I was such a bungler, that is all!"  
O, the old lie — that thought was not the worst.  
I never have been truthful with myself.  
For by the door where lurked one ghostly thought  
I stood with crazy hands to thrust it back  
If it should dare to peep and whisper out  
Unbearable things about me, hearing which  
The women passing in the streets would turn  
To pity me and scold me with their eyes,  
Who was so bad a mother and so slow  
To learn to help God do his wonder in her  
That she — O my sweet baby! It was not  
The fear that you would see the difference  
Between you and the other boys and girls;  
No, no, it was the dimmer, wilder fear,  
That you might never see it, never look  
Out of your tiny baby-house of mind,  
But sit your life through, quiet in the dark,  
Smiling and nodding at what was not there!

A foolish fear : God could not punish so.  
Yet until yesterday I thought He would.  
My soul was always cowering at the blow  
I saw suspended, ready to be dealt  
The moment that I showed my fear too much.  
Therefore I hid it from Him all I could,  
And only stole a shaking glance at it  
Sometimes in the dead minutes before dawn  
When He forgets to watch. Till yesterday.  
For yesterday was wonderful and strange  
From the beginning. When I wakened first  
And looked out at the window, the last snow  
Was gone from earth ; about the apple-trees  
Hung a faint mist of bloom ; small sudden green  
Had run and spread and rippled everywhere  
Over the fields ; and in the level sun  
Walked something like a presence and a power,  
Uttering hopes and loving-kindnesses  
To all the world, but chiefly unto me.  
It walked before me when I went to work,  
And all day long the noises of the mill  
Were spun upon a core of golden sound,  
Half-spoken words and interrupted songs  
Of blessed promise, meant for all the world,  
But most for me, because I suffered most.  
The shooting spindles, the smooth-humming  
wheels,

The rocking webs, seemed toiling to some end  
 Beneficent and human known to them,  
 And duly brought to pass in power and love.  
 The faces of the girls and men at work  
 Met mine with intense greeting, veiled at once,  
 As if they knew a secret they must keep  
 For fear the joy would harm me if they told  
 Before some inkling filtered to my mind  
 In roundabout ways. When the day's work was  
     done

There lay a special silence on the fields;  
 And, as I passed, the bushes and the trees,  
 The very ruts and puddles of the road  
 Spoke to each other, saying it was she,  
 The happy woman, the elected one,  
 The vessel of strange mercy and the sign  
 Of many loving wonders done in Heaven  
 To help the piteous earth.

At last I stopped  
 And looked about me in sheer wonderment.  
 What did it mean? What did they want with  
     me?

What was the matter with the evening now  
 That it was just as bound to make me glad  
 As morning and the live-long day had been?  
 Me, who had quite forgot what gladness was,

Who had no right to anything but toil,  
And food and sleep for strength to toil again,  
And that fierce frightened anguish of my love  
For the poor little spirit I had wronged  
With life that was no life. What had befallen  
Since yesterday? No need to stop and ask!  
Back there in the dark places of my mind  
Where I had thrust it, fearing to believe  
An unbelievable mercy, shone the news  
Told by the village neighbors coming home  
Last night from the great city, of a man  
Arisen, like the first evangelists,  
With power to heal the bodies of the sick,  
In testimony of his master Christ,  
Who heals the soul when it is sick with sin.  
Could such a thing be true in these hard days?  
Was help still sent in such a way as that?  
No, no! I did not dare to think of it,  
Feeling what weakness and despair would come  
After the crazy hope broke under me.  
I turned and started homeward, faster now,  
But never fast enough to leave behind  
The voices and the troubled happiness  
That still kept mounting, mounting like a sea,  
And singing far-off like a rush of wings.  
Far down the road a yellow spot of light  
Shone from my cottage window, rayless yet,

Where the last sunset crimson caught the panes.  
 Alice had lit the lamp before she went ;  
 Her day of pity and unmirthful play  
 Was over, and her young heart free to live  
 Until to-morrow brought her nursing-task  
 Again, and made her feel how dark and still  
 That life could be to others which to her  
 Was full of dreams that beckoned, reaching hands,  
 And thrilling invitations young girls hear.  
 My boy was sleeping, little mind and frame  
 More tired just lying there awake two hours  
 Than with a whole day's romp he should have  
 been.

He would not know his mother had come home ;  
 But after supper I would sit awhile  
 Beside his bed, and let my heart have time  
 For that worst love that stabs and breaks and kills  
 This I thought over to myself by rote  
 And habit, but I could not feel my thoughts ;  
 For still that dim unmeaning happiness  
 Kept mounting, mounting round me like a sea,  
 And singing inward like a wind of wings.

Before I lifted up the latch, I knew.  
 I felt no fear; the One who waited there  
 In the low lamplight by the bed, had come  
 Because I was his sister and in need.

My word had got to Him somehow at last,  
And He had come to help me or to tell  
Where help was to be found. It was not strange.  
Strange only He had stayed away so long ;  
But that should be forgotten — He was here.  
I pushed the door wide open and looked in.  
He had been kneeling by the bed, and now,  
Half-risen, kissed my boy upon the lips,  
Then turned and smiled and pointed with his  
hand.

I must have fallen on the threshold stone,  
For I remember that I felt, not saw,  
The resurrection glory and the peace  
Shed from his face and raiment as He went  
Out by the door into the evening street.  
But when I looked, the place about the bed  
Was yet all bathed in light, and in the midst  
My boy lay changed, — no longer clothed upon  
With scraps and shreds of life, but like the child  
Of some most fortunate mother. In a breath  
The image faded. There he lay again  
The same as always ; and the light was gone.  
I sank with moans and cries beside the bed.  
The cruelty, O Christ, the cruelty !  
To come at last and then to go like that,  
Leaving the darkness deeper than before !

Then, though I heard no sound, I grew aware  
Of some one standing by the open door  
Among the dry vines rustling in the porch.  
My heart laughed suddenly. He had come back !  
He had come back to make the vision true.  
He had not meant to mock me: God was God,  
And Christ was Christ; there was no falsehood  
there.

I heard a quiet footstep cross the room  
And felt a hand laid gently on my hair, —  
A human hand, worn hard by daily toil,  
Heavy with life-long struggle after bread.  
Alice's father. The kind homely voice  
Had in it such strange music that I dreamed  
Perhaps it was the Other speaking in him,  
Because His own bright form had made me swoon  
With its too much of glory. What he brought  
Was news as good as ever heavenly lips  
Had the dear right to utter. He had been  
All day among the crowds of curious folk  
From the great city and the country-side  
Gathered to watch the Healer do his work  
Of mercy on the sick and halt and blind,  
And with his very eyes had seen such things  
As awestruck men had witnessed long ago  
In Galilee, and writ of in the Book.  
To-morrow morning he would take me there

If I had strength and courage to believe.  
It might be there was hope ; he could not say,  
But knew what he had seen. When he was gone  
I lay for hours, letting the solemn waves  
Thundering joy go over and over me.

Just before midnight baby fretted, woke ;  
He never yet has slept a whole night through  
Without his food and petting. As I sat  
Feeding and petting him and singing soft,  
I felt a jealousy begin to ache  
And worry at my heartstrings, hushing down  
The gladness. Jealousy of what or whom ?  
I hardly knew, or could not put in words ;  
At least it seemed too foolish and too wrong  
When said, and so I shut the thought away.  
Only, next minute, it came stealing back.  
After the change, would my boy be the same  
As this one ? Would he be my boy at all,  
And not another's — his who gave the life  
I could not give, or did not anyhow ?  
How could I look in his new eyes to claim  
The whole of him, the body and the breath,  
When some one not his mother, a strange man,  
Had clothed him in that beauty of the flesh —  
Perhaps (for who could know ?), perhaps, by some  
Hateful disfiguring miracle, had even

Transformed his spirit to a better one,  
 Better, but not the same I prayed for him  
 Down out of Heaven through the sleepless  
       nights, —

The best that God would send to such as me.  
 I tried to strangle back the wicked pain ;  
 Fancied him changed and tried to love him so.  
 No use ; it was another, not my child,  
 Not my frail, broken, priceless little one,  
 My cup of anguish, and my trembling star  
 Hung small and sad and sweet above the earth,  
 So sure to fall but for my cherishing !

When he had dropped asleep again, I rose  
 And wrestled with the sinful selfishness,  
 The dark injustice, the unnatural pain.  
 Fevered at last with pacing to and fro,  
 I raised the bedroom window and leaned out.  
 The white moon, low behind the sycamores,  
 Silvered the silent country ; not a voice  
 Of all the myriads summer moves to sing  
 Had yet awakened ; in the level moon  
 Walked that same presence I had heard at dawn  
 Uttering hopes and loving-kindnesses,  
 But now, dispirited and reticent,  
 It walked the moonlight like a homeless thing.  
 O, how to cleanse me of the cowardice !

36      TROUBLING OF THE WATERS

How to be just ! Was I a mother, then,  
 A mother, and not love her child as well  
 As her own covetous and morbid love ?  
 Was it for this the Comforter had come,  
 Smiling at me and pointing with His hand ?  
 — What had He meant to have me think or do,  
 Smiling and pointing ?

All at once I saw

A way to save my darling from myself  
 And make atonement for my grudging love !  
 Under the sycamores and up the hill  
 And down across the river, the wet road  
 Went stretching cityward, silvered in the moon.  
 I who had shrunk from sacrifice, even I,  
 Who had refused God's blessing for my boy,  
 Would take him in my arms and carry him  
 Up to the altar of the miracle.  
 I would not wait for daylight, nor the help  
 Of any human friendship ; I alone,  
 Through the still miles of country, I alone,  
 Only my arms to shield him and my feet  
 To bear him : he should have no one to thank  
 But me for that. I knew the way was long,  
 But knew strength would be given. So I came.  
 Soon the stars failed ; the late moon faded too :  
 I think my heart had sucked their beams from  
 them

To build more blue amid the murky night  
Its own miraculous day. From creeks and fields  
The fog climbed slowly, blotted out the road;  
And hid the signposts telling of the town;  
After a while rain fell, with sleet and snow.  
What did I care? Baby was snug and dry.  
Some day, when I was telling him of this,  
He would but hug me closer, hearing how  
The night conspired against us. Better hard  
Than easy, then: I almost felt regret  
My body was so capable and strong  
To do its errand. Honeyed drop by drop,  
The ghostly jealousy, loosening at my breast,  
Distilled into a dew of quiet tears  
And fell with splash of music in the wells  
And on the hidden rivers of my soul.

The hardest part was coming through the town.  
The country, even when it hindered most,  
Seemed conscious of the thing I went to find.  
The rocks and bushes looming through the mist  
Questioned and acquiesced and understood;  
The trees and streams believed; the wind and  
rain,  
Even they, for all their temper, had some words  
Of faith and comfort. But the glaring streets,  
The dizzy traffic, the piled merchandise,

The giant buildings swarming with fierce life —  
Cared nothing for me. They had never heard  
Of me nor of my business. When I asked  
My way, a shade of pity or contempt  
Showed through men's kindness — for they all  
were kind.

Daunted and chilled and very sick at heart,  
I walked the endless pavements. But at last  
The streets grew quieter; the houses seemed  
As if they might be homes where people lived;  
Then came the factories and cottages,  
And all was well again. Much more than well,  
For many sick and broken went my way,  
Alone or helped along by loving hands;  
And from a thousand eyes the famished hope  
Looked out at mine — wild, patient, querulous,  
But always hope and hope, a thousand tongues  
Speaking one word in many languages.

In two hours He will come, they say, will stand  
There on the steps, above the waiting crowd,  
And touch with healing hands whoever asks  
Believingly, in spirit and in truth.  
Can such a mercy be, in these hard days?  
Is help still sent in such a way as that?  
Christ, I believe; pity my unbelief!

## JETSAM

I WONDER can this be the world it was  
At sunset? I remember the sky fell  
Green as pale meadows, at the long street-ends,  
But overhead the smoke-wrack hugged the roofs  
As if to shut the city from God's eyes  
Till dawn should quench the laughter and the  
lights.

Beneath the gas flare stolid faces passed,  
Too dull for sin; old loosened lips set hard  
To drain the stale lees from the cup of sense;  
Or if a young face yearned from out the mist  
Made by its own bright hair, the eyes were wan  
With desolate fore-knowledge of the end.  
My life lay waste about me: as I walked,  
From the gross dark of unfrequented streets  
The face of my own youth peered forth at me,  
Struck white with pity at the thing I was;  
And globed in ghostly fire, thrice-virginal,  
With lifted face star-strong, went one who sang  
Lost verses from my youth's gold canticle.  
Out of the void dark came my face and hers  
One vivid moment — then the street was there;

Bloat shapes and mean eyes blotted the sear dusk ;  
And in the curtained window of a house  
Whence sin reeked on the night, a shameful head  
Was silhouetted black as Satan's face  
Against eternal fires. I stumbled on  
Down the dark slope that reaches riverward,  
Stretching blind hands to find the throat of God  
And crush Him in his lies. The river lay  
Coiled in its factory filth and few lean trees.  
All was too hateful — I could not die there!  
I whom the Spring had strained unto her breast,  
Whose lips had felt the wet vague lips of dawn.  
So under the thin willows' leprous shade  
And through the tangled ranks of riverweed  
I pushed — till lo, God heard me ! I came forth  
Where, 'neath the shoreless hush of region light,  
Through a new world, undreamed of, undesired,  
Beyond imagining of man's weary heart,  
Far to the white marge of the wondering sea  
This still plain widens, and this moon rains down  
Insufferable ecstasy of peace.

My heart is man's heart, strong to bear this night's  
Unspeakable affliction of mute love  
That crazes lesser things. The rocks and clods  
Dissemble, feign a busy intercourse ;  
The bushes deal in shadowy subterfuge,

Lurk dull, dart spiteful out, make heartless signs,  
Utter awestricken purpose of no sense, —  
But I walk quiet, crush aside the hands  
Stretched furtively to drag me madmen's ways.  
I know the thing they suffer, and the tricks  
They must be at to help themselves endure.  
I would not be too boastful ; I am weak,  
Too weak to put aside the utter ache  
Of this lone splendor long enough to see  
Whether the moon is still her white strange self  
Or something whiter, stranger, even the face  
Which by the changed face of my risen youth  
Sang, globed in fire, her golden canticle.  
I dare not look again ; another gaze  
Might drive me to the wavering coppice there,  
Where bat-winged madness brushed me, the wild  
    laugh  
Of naked nature crashed across my blood.  
So rank it was with earthy presences,  
Faun-shapes in goatish dance, young witches' eyes  
Slanting deep invitation, whinnying calls  
Ambiguous, shocks and whirlwinds of wild  
    mirth, —  
They had undone me in the darkness there,  
But that within me, smiting through my lids  
Lowered to shut in the thick whirl of sense,  
The dumb light ached and rummaged, and with  
    out,

The soaring splendor summoned me aloud  
To leave the low dank thickets of the flesh  
Where man meets beast and makes his lair with  
him,

For spirit reaches of the strenuous vast,  
Where stalwart stars reap grain to make the bread  
God breaketh at his tables and is glad.  
I came out in the moonlight cleansed and strong,  
And gazed up at the lyric face to see  
All sweetness tasted of in earthen cups  
Ere it be dashed and spilled, all radiance flung  
Beyond experience, every benison dream,  
Treasured and mystically crescent there.

O, who will shield me from her? Who will  
place

A veil between me and the fierce in-throng  
Of her inexorable benedicite?  
See, I have loved her well and been with her!  
Through tragic twilights when the stricken sea  
Groveled with fear; or when she made her  
throne

In imminent cities built of gorgeous winds  
And paved with lightnings; or when the sobering  
stars

Would lead her home 'mid wealth of plundered  
May

Along the violet slopes of evensong.  
Of all the sights that starred the dreamy year,  
For me one sight stood peerless and apart:  
Bright rivers tacit ; low hills prone and dumb ;  
Forests that hushed their tiniest voice to hear ;  
Skies for the unutterable advent robed  
In purple like the opening iris buds ;  
And by some lone expectant pool, one tree  
Whose gray boughs shivered with excess of  
awe, —

As with preluding gush of amber light,  
And herald trumpets softly lifted through,  
Across the palpitant horizon marge  
Crocus-filleted came the singing moon.  
Out of her changing lights I wove my youth  
A place to dwell in, sweet and spiritual,  
And all the bitter years of my exile  
My heart has called afar off unto her.  
Lo, after many days love finds its own !  
The futile adorations, the waste tears,  
The hymns that fluttered low in the false dawn,  
She has uptreasured as a lover's gifts ;  
They are the mystic garment that she wears  
Against the bridal, and the crocus flowers  
She twined her brow with at the going forth ;  
They are the burden of the song she made  
In coming through the quiet fields of space,

And breathe between her passion-parted lips  
Calling me out along the flowering road  
Which summers through the dimness of the sea.

Hark, where the deep feels round its thousand  
shores

To find remembered respite, and far drawn  
Through weed-strewn shelves and crannies of the  
coast

The myriad silence yearns to myriad speech.  
O sea that yearns a day, shall thy tongues be  
So eloquent, and heart, shall all thy tongues  
Be dumb to speak thy longing? Say I hold  
Life as a broken jewel in my hand,  
And fain would buy a little love with it  
For comfort, say I fain would make it shine  
Once in remembering eyes ere it be dust, —  
Were life not worthy spent? Then what of this,  
When all my spirit hungers to repay  
The beauty that has drenched my soul with  
peace?

Once at a simple turning of the way  
I met God walking; and although the dawn  
Was large behind Him, and the morning stars  
Circled and sang about his face as birds  
About the fieldward morning cottager,  
My coward heart said faintly, "Let us haste!

Day grows and it is far to market-town."  
Once where I lay in darkness after fight,  
Sore smitten, thrilled a little thread of song  
Searching and searching at my muffled sense  
Until it shook sweet pangs through all my blood,  
And I beheld one globed in ghostly fire  
Singing, star-strong, her golden canticle;  
And her mouth sang, "The hosts of Hate roll  
past,

A dance of dust motes in the sliding sun;  
Love's battle comes on the wide wings of storm,  
From east to west one legion! Wilt thou strive?"  
Then, since the splendor of her sword-bright gaze  
Was heavy on me with yearning and with scorn  
My sick heart muttered, "Yea, the little strife,  
Yet see, the grievous wounds! I fain would  
sleep."

O heart, shalt thou not once be strong to go  
Where all sweet throats are calling, once be brave  
To slake with deed thy dumbness? Let us go  
The path her singing face looms low to point,  
Pendulous, blanched with longing, shedding flame  
Of silver on the brown grope of the flood;  
For all my spirit's soilure is put by  
And all my body's soilure, lacking now  
But the last lustral sacrament of death  
To make me clean for those near-searching eyes

That question yonder whether all be well,  
And pause a little ere they dare rejoice.

Question and be thou answered, passionate face !  
For I am worthy, worthy now at last  
After so long unworth ; strong now at last  
To give myself to beauty and be saved ;  
Now, being man, to give myself to thee,  
As once the tumult of my boyish heart  
Companioned thee with rapture through the world,  
Forth from a land whereof no poet's lip  
Made mention how the leas were lily-sprent,  
Into a land God's eyes had looked not on  
To love the tender bloom upon the hills.  
To-morrow, when the fishers come at dawn  
Upon that shell of me the sea has tossed  
To land, as fit for earth to use again,  
Men, meeting at the shops and corner streets,  
Will speak a word of pity, glossing o'er  
With altered accent, dubious sweep of hand,  
Their virile, just contempt for one who failed.  
But they can never cast my earnings up,  
Who know so well my losses. Even you  
Who in the mild light of the spirit walk  
And hold yourselves acquainted with the truth,  
Be not too swift to judge and cast me out !  
You shall find other, nobler ways than mine

To work your soul's redemption, — glorious noons  
Of battle 'neath the heaven-suspended sign,  
And nightly refuge 'neath God's ægis-rim ;  
Increase of wisdom, and acquaintance held  
With the heart's austerities ; still governance,  
And ripening of the blood in the weekday sun  
To make the full-orbed consecrated fruit  
At life's end for the Sabbath supper meet.  
I shall not sit beside you at that feast,  
For ere a seedling of my golden tree  
Pushed off its petals to get room to grow,  
I stripped the boughs to make an April gaud  
And wreath a spendthrift garland for my hair.  
But mine is not the failure God deplores ;  
For I of old am beauty's votarist,  
Long recreant, often foiled and led astray,  
But resolute at last to seek her there  
Where most she does abide, and crave with tears  
That she assoil me of my blemishment.  
Low looms her singing face to point the way,  
Pendulous, blanched with longing, shedding flame  
Of silver on the brown grope of the flood.  
The stars are for me ; the horizon wakes  
Its pilgrim chanting ; and the little sand  
Grows musical of hope beneath my feet.  
The waves that leap to meet my swimming breast  
Gossip sweet secrets of the light-drenched way,

And when the deep throbs of the rising surge  
Pulse upward with me, and a rain of wings  
Blurs round the moon's pale place, she stoops to  
reach

Still welcome of bright hands across the wave,  
And sings low, low, globed all in ghostly fire,  
Lost verses from my youth's gold canticle.

## THE BRUTE

THROUGH his might men work their wills.  
They have boweled out the hills  
For food to keep him toiling in the cages they  
    have wrought ;  
And they fling him, hour by hour,  
Limbs of men to give him power ;  
Brains of men to give him cunning ; and for dain-  
    ties to devour  
Children's souls, the little worth ; hearts of  
    women, cheaply bought :  
He takes them and he breaks them, but he gives  
    them scanty thought.

For about the noisy land,  
Roaring, quivering 'neath his hand,  
His thoughts brood fierce and sullen or laugh in  
    lust of pride  
O'er the stubborn things that he,  
Breaks to dust and brings to be.  
Some he mightily establishes, some flings down  
    utterly.

There is thunder in his stride, nothing ancient  
can abide,  
When he haies the hills together and bridles up  
the tide.

Quietude and loveliness,  
Holy sights that heal and bless,  
They are scattered and abolished where his iron  
hoof is set ;  
When he splashes through the brae  
Silver streams are choked with clay,  
When he snorts the bright cliffs crumble and the  
woods go down like hay ;  
He lairs in pleasant cities, and the haggard people  
fret  
Squalid 'mid their new-got riches, soot-begrimed  
and desolate.

They who caught and bound him tight  
Laughed exultant at his might,  
Saying, "Now behold, the good time comes for  
the weariest and the least !  
We will use this lusty knave :  
No more need for men to slave ;  
We may rise and look about us and have know-  
ledge ere the grave."

But the Brute said in his breast, "Till the mills  
I grind have ceased,  
The riches shall be dust of dust, dry ashes be the  
feast!

"On the strong and cunning few  
Cynic favors I will strew;  
I will stuff their maw with overplus until their  
spirit dies;  
From the patient and the low  
I will take the joys they know;  
They shall hunger after vanities and still an-hun-  
gered go.  
Madness shall be on the people, ghastly jealousies  
arise;  
Brother's blood shall cry on brother up the dead  
and empty skies.

"I will burn and dig and hack  
Till the heavens suffer lack;  
God shall feel a pleasure fail him, crying to his  
cherubim,  
'Who hath flung yon mud-ball there  
Where my world went green and fair?'  
I shall laugh and hug me, hearing how his senti-  
nels declare,

‘ ‘T is the Brute they chained to labor! He has  
made the bright earth dim.  
Store of wares and pelf a plenty, but they got no  
good of him.’ ”

So he plotted in his rage :  
So he deals it, age by age.  
But even as he roared his curse a still small Voice  
befell ;  
Lo, a still and pleasant voice bade them none the  
less rejoice,  
For the Brute must bring the good time on ; he  
has no other choice.  
He may struggle, sweat, and yell, but he knows  
exceeding well  
He must work them out salvation ere they send  
him back to hell.

All the desert that he made  
He must treble bless with shade,  
In primal wastes set precious seed of rapture and  
of pain ;  
All the strongholds that he built  
For the powers of greed and guilt —  
He must strew their bastions down the sea and  
choke their towers with silt ;

He must make the temples clean for the gods to  
    come again,  
And lift the lordly cities under skies without a  
    stain.

In a very cunning tether  
He must lead the tyrant weather;  
He must loose the curse of Adam from the worn  
    neck of the race;  
He must cast out hate and fear,  
Dry away each fruitless tear,  
And make the fruitful tears to gush from the deep  
    heart and clear.  
He must give each man his portion, each his  
    pride and worthy place;  
He must batter down the arrogant and lift the  
    weary face,  
On each vile mouth set purity, on each low fore-  
    head grace.

Then, perhaps, at the last day,  
They will whistle him away,  
Lay a hand upon his muzzle in the face of God,  
    and say,  
“Honor, Lord, the Thing we tamed!  
I et him not be scourged or blamed.

Even through his wrath and fierceness was thy  
fierce wroth world reclaimed !

Honor Thou thy servants' servant ; let thy justice  
now be shown."

Then the Lord will heed their saying, and the  
Brute come to his own,

'Twixt the Lion and the Eagle, by the armpost  
of the Throne.

## THE MENAGERIE

THANK God my brain is not inclined to cut  
Such capers every day ! I 'm just about  
Mellow, but then — There goes the tent-flap  
shut.

Rain 's in the wind. I thought so : every snout  
Was twitching when the keeper turned me out.

That screaming parrot makes my blood run cold.  
Gabriel's trump ! the big bull elephant  
Squeals "Rain !" to the parched herd. The  
monkeys scold,  
And jabber that it 's rain water they want.  
(It makes me sick to see a monkey pant.)

I 'll foot it home, to try and make believe  
I 'm sober. After this I stick to beer,  
And drop the circus when the sane folks leave.  
A man 's a fool to look at things too near :  
They look back, and begin to cut up queer.

Beasts do, at any rate ; especially  
Wild devils caged. They have the coolest way

Of being something else than what you see :  
You pass a sleek young zebra nosing hay,  
A nylghau looking bored and distingué, —

And think you 've seen a donkey and a bird.  
Not on your life ! Just glance back, if you  
dare.

The zebra chews, the nylghau has n't stirred ;  
But something's happened, Heaven knows what  
or where,  
To freeze your scalp and pompadour your hair.

I 'm not precisely an æolian lute  
Hung in the wandering winds of sentiment,  
But drown me if the ugliest, meanest brute  
Grunting and fretting in that sultry tent  
Did n't just floor me with embarrassment !

'T was like a thunder-clap from out the clear, —  
One minute they were circus beasts, some grand,  
Some ugly, some amusing, and some queer :  
Rival attractions to the hobo band,  
The flying jenny, and the peanut stand.

Next minute they were old hearth-mates of mine !  
Lost people, eyeing me with such a stare !  
Patient, satiric, devilish, divine ;

A gaze of hopeless envy, squalid care,  
Hatred, and thwarted love, and dim despair.

Within my blood my ancient kindred spoke, —  
Grotesque and monstrous voices, heard afar  
Down ocean caves when behemoth awoke,  
Or through fern forests roared the plesiosaur  
Locked with the giant-bat in ghastly war.

And suddenly, as in a flash of light,  
I saw great Nature working out her plan ;  
Through all her shapes from mastodon to mite  
Forever groping, testing, passing on  
To find at last the shape and soul of Man.

Till in the fullness of accomplished time,  
Comes brother Forepaugh, upon business bent,  
Tracks her through frozen and through torrid  
clime,  
And shows us, neatly labeled in a tent,  
The stages of her huge experiment ;

Blabbing aloud her shy and reticent hours ;  
Dragging to light her blinking, slothful moods ;  
Publishing fretful seasons when her powers  
Worked wild and sullen in her solitudes,  
Or when her mordant laughter shook the woods.

Here, round about me, were her vagrant births;  
Sick dreams she had, fierce projects she essayed;  
Her qualms, her fiery prides, her crazy mirths;  
The troublings of her spirit as she strayed,  
Cringed, gloated, mocked, was lordly, was afraid,

On that long road she went to seek mankind;  
Here were the darkling coverts that she beat  
To find the Hider she was sent to find;  
Here the distracted footprints of her feet  
Whereby her soul's Desire she came to greet.

But why should they, her botch-work, turn about  
And stare disdain at me, her finished job?  
Why was the place one vast suspended shout  
Of laughter? Why did all the daylight throb  
With soundless guffaw and dumb-stricken sob?

Helpless I stood among those awful cages;  
The beasts were walking loose, and I was bagged!  
I, I, last product of the toiling ages,  
Goal of heroic feet that never lagged, —  
A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

Deliver me from such another jury!  
The Judgment-day will be a picnic to 't.  
Their satire was more dreadful than their fury,

And worst of all was just a kind of brute  
Disgust, and giving up, and sinking mute.

Survival of the fittest, adaptation,  
And all their other evolution terms,  
Seem to omit one small consideration,  
To wit, that tumblebugs and angleworms  
Have souls: there's soul in everything that  
squirms.

And souls are restless, plagued, impatient things,  
All dream and unaccountable desire;  
Crawling, but pestered with the thought of wings;  
Spreading through every inch of earth's old mire  
Mystical hanker after something higher.

Wishes *are* horses, as I understand.  
I guess a wistful polyp that has strokes  
Of feeling faint to gallivant on land  
Will come to be a scandal to his folks;  
Legs he will sprout, in spite of threats and jokes.

And at the core of every life that crawls  
Or runs or flies or swims or vegetates —  
Churning the mammoth's heart-blood, in the galls  
Of shark and tiger planting gorgeous hates,  
Lighting the love of eagles for their mates;

Yes, in the dim brain of the jellied fish  
That is and is not living — moved and stirred  
From the beginning a mysterious wish,  
A vision, a command, a fatal Word:  
The name of Man was uttered, and they heard.

Upward along the æons of old war  
They sought him : wing and shank-bone, claw  
and bill  
Were fashioned and rejected ; wide and far  
They roamed the twilight jungles of their will ;  
But still they sought him, and desired him still.

Man they desired, but mind you, Perfect Man,  
The radiant and the loving, yet to be !  
I hardly wonder, when they came to scan  
The upshot of their strenuosity,  
They gazed with mixed emotions upon *me*.

Well, my advice to you is, Face the creatures,  
Or spot them sideways with your weather eye,  
Just to keep tab on their expansive features ;  
It is n't pleasant when you 're stepping high  
To catch a giraffe smiling on the sly.

If nature made you graceful, don't get gay  
Back-to before the hippopotamus ;

If meek and godly, find some place to play  
Besides right where three mad hyenas fuss:  
You may hear language that we won't discuss.

If you're a sweet thing in a flower-bed hat,  
Or her best fellow with your tie tucked in,  
Don't squander love's bright springtime girding at  
An old chimpanzee with an Irish chin:  
*There may be hidden meaning in his grin.*

## THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

ALL day he drowzes by the sail  
With dreams of her, and all night long  
The broken waters are at song  
Of how she lingers, wild and pale,  
When all the temple lights are dumb,  
And weaves her spells to make him come.

The wide sea traversed, he will stand  
With straining eyes, until the shoal  
Green water from the prow shall roll  
Upon the yellow strip of sand —  
Searching some fern-hid tangled way  
Into the forest old and grey.

Then he will leap upon the shore,  
And cast one look up at the sun,  
Over his loosened locks will run  
The dawn breeze, and a bird will pour  
Its rapture out to make life seem  
Too sweet to leave for such a dream.

But all the swifter will he go  
Through the pale, scattered asphodels,  
Down mote-hung dusk of olive dells,  
To where the ancient basins throw  
Fleet threads of blue and trembling zones  
Of gold upon the temple stones.

There noon keeps just a twilight trace ;  
Twixt love and hate, and death and birth,  
No man may choose ; nor sobs nor mirth  
May enter in that haunted place.  
All day the fountain sphynx lets drip  
Slow drops of silence from her lip.

To hold the porch-roof slender girls  
Of milk-white marble stand arow ;  
Doubt never blurs a single brow,  
And never the noon's faintness curls  
From their expectant hush of pride  
The lips the god has glorified.

But these things he will barely view,  
Or if he stay to heed them, still  
But as the lark the lights that spill  
From out the sun it soars unto,  
Where, past the splendors and the heats,  
The sun's heart's self forever beats.

For wide the brazen doors will swing  
Soon as his sandals touch the pave;  
The anxious light inside will wave  
And tremble to a lunar ring  
About the form that lieth prone  
Before the dreadful altar-stone.

She will not look or speak or stir,  
But with drowned lips and cheeks death-white  
Will lie amid the pool of light,  
Until, grown faint with thirst of her,  
He shall bow down his face and sink  
Breathless beneath the eddying brink.

Then a swift music will begin,  
And as the brazen doors shut slow,  
There will be hurrying to and fro,  
And lights and calls and silver din,  
While through the star-freaked swirl of air  
The god's sweet cruel eyes will stare.

## HEART'S WILD-FLOWER

TO-NIGHT her lids shall lift again, slow, soft, with  
vague desire,  
And lay about my breast and brain their hush of  
spirit fire,  
And I shall take the sweet of pain as the laborer  
his hire.

And though no word shall e'er be said to ease the  
ghostly sting,  
And though our hearts, unhoused, unfed, must  
still go wandering,  
My sign is set upon her head while stars do meet  
and sing.

Not such a sign as women wear who make their  
foreheads tame  
With life's long tolerance, and bear love's sweet-  
est, humblest name,  
Nor such as passion eateth bare with its crown  
of tears and flame.

Nor such a sign as happy friend sets on his  
friend's dear brow

When meadow-pipings break and blend to a key  
of autumn woe,  
And the woodland says playtime 's at end, best  
unclasp hands and go.

But where she strays, through blight or blooth,  
one fadeless flower she wears,  
A little gift God gave my youth, — whose petals  
dim were fears,  
Awes, adorations, songs of ruth, hesitancies, and  
tears.

O heart of mine, with all thy powers of white  
beatitude,  
What are the dearest of God's dowers to the  
children of his blood?  
How blow the shy, shy wilding flowers in the  
hollows of his wood?

## HARMONICS

THIS string upon my harp was best beloved :  
I thought I knew its secrets through and through ;  
Till an old man, whose young eyes lightened blue  
'Neath his white hair, bent over me and moved  
His fingers up and down, and broke the wire  
To such a laddered music, rung on rung,  
As from the patriarch's pillow skyward sprung  
Crowded with wide-flung wings and feet of fire.

O vibrant heart ! so metely tuned and strung  
That any untaught hand can draw from thee  
One clear gold note that makes the tired years  
young —

What of the time when Love had whispered me  
Where slept thy nodes, and my hand pausefully  
Gave to the dim harmonics voice and tongue?

## ON THE RIVER

THE faint stars wake and wonder,  
Fade and find heart anew ;  
Above us and far under  
Sphereth the watchful blue.

Silent she sits, outbending,  
A wild pathetic grace,  
A beauty strange, heart-rending,  
Upon her hair and face.

O spirit cries that sever  
The cricket's level drone !  
O to give o'er endeavor  
And let love have its own !

Within the mirrored bushes  
There wakes a little stir ;  
The white-throat moves, and hushes  
Her nestlings under her.

Beneath, the lustrous river,  
The watchful sky o'erhead.  
God, God, that Thou should'st ever  
Poison thy children's bread!

## THE BRACELET OF GRASS

THE opal heart of afternoon  
Was clouding on to throbs of storm,  
Ashen within the ardent west  
The lips of thunder muttered harm,  
And as a bubble like to break  
Hung heaven's trembling amethyst,  
When with the sedge-grass by the lake  
I braceleted her wrist.

And when the ribbon grass was tied,  
Sad with the happiness we planned,  
Palm linked in palm we stood awhile  
And watched the raindrops dot the sand ;  
Until the anger of the breeze  
Chid all the lake's bright breathing down,  
And ravished all the radiancies  
From her deep eyes of brown.

We gazed from shelter on the storm,  
And through our hearts swept ghostly pain  
To see the shards of day sweep past,  
Broken, and none might mend again.

Broken, that none shall ever mend ;

Loosened, that none shall ever tie.

O the wind and the wind, will it never end ?

O the sweeping past of the ruined sky !

## THE DEPARTURE

### I

I SAT beside the glassy evening sea,  
One foot upon the thin horn of my lyre,  
And all its strings of laughter and desire  
Crushed in the rank wet grasses heedlessly ;  
Nor did my dull eyes care to question how  
The boat close by had spread its saffron sails,  
Nor what might mean the coffers and the bales,  
And streaks of new wine on the gilded prow.  
Neither was wonder in me when I saw  
Fair women step therein, though they were fair  
Even to adoration and to awe,  
And in the gracious fillets of their hair  
Were blossoms from a garden I had known,  
Sweet mornings ere the apple buds were blown.

### II

One gazed steadfast into the dying west  
With lips apart to greet the evening star;  
And one with eyes that caught the strife and jar  
Of the sea's heart, followed the sunward breast

Of a lone gull ; from a slow harp one drew  
Blind music like a laugh or like a wail ;  
And in the uncertain shadow of the sail  
One wove a crown of berries and of yew.  
Yet even as I said with dull desire,  
“ All these were mine, and one was mine indeed,”  
The smoky music burst into a fire,  
And I was left alone in my great need,  
One foot upon the thin horn of my lyre  
And all its strings crushed in the dripping weed.

## FADED PICTURES

ONLY two patient eyes to stare  
Out of the canvas. All the rest —  
The warm green gown, the small hands pressed  
Light in the lap, the braided hair

That must have made the sweet low brow  
So earnest, centuries ago,  
When some one saw it change and glow —  
All faded! Just the eyes burn now.

I dare say people pass and pass  
Before the blistered little frame,  
And dingy work without a name  
Stuck in behind its square of glass.

But I, well, I left Raphael  
Just to come drink these eyes of hers,  
To think away the stains and blurs  
And make all new again and well.

Only, for tears my head will bow,  
Because there on my heart's last wall,  
Scarce one tint left to tell it all,  
A picture keeps its eyes, somehow.

## A GREY DAY

GREY drizzling mists the moorlands drape,  
Rain whitens the dead sea,  
From headland dim to sullen cape  
Grey sails creep wearily.  
I know not how that merchantman  
Has found the heart ; but 't is her plan  
Seaward her endless course to shape.

Unreal as insects that appall  
A drunkard's peevish brain,  
O'er the grey deep the dories crawl,  
Four-legged, with rowers twain :  
Midgets and minims of the earth,  
Across old ocean's vasty girth  
Toiling — heroic, comical !

I wonder how that merchant's crew  
Have ever found the will !  
I wonder what the fishers do  
To keep them toiling still !  
I wonder how the heart of man  
Has patience to live out its span,  
Or wait until its dreams come true.

## THE RIDE BACK

*Before the coming of the dark, he dreamed  
An old-world faded story : of a knight,  
Much like in need to him, who was no knight !  
And of a road, much like the road his soul  
Groped over, desperate to meet Her soul.  
Beside the bed Death waited. And he dreamed.*

His limbs were heavy from the fight,  
His mail was dark with dust and blood ;  
On his good horse they bound him tight,  
And on his breast they bound the rood  
To help him in the ride that night.

When he crashed through the wood's wet rim,  
About the dabbled reeds a breeze  
Went moaning broken words and dim ;  
The haggard shapes of twilight trees  
Caught with their scrawny hands at him.

Between the doubtful aisles of day  
Strange folk and lamentable stood

To maze and beckon him astray,  
But through the grey wrath of the wood  
He held right on his bitter way.

When he came where the trees were thin,  
The moon sat waiting there to see ;  
On her worn palm she laid her chin,  
And laughed awhile in sober glee  
To think how strong this knight had been.

When he rode past the pallid lake,  
The withered yellow stems of flags  
Stood breast-high for his horse to break ;  
Lewd as the palsied lips of hags  
The petals in the moon did shake.

When he came by the mountain wall,  
The snow upon the heights looked down  
And said, " The sight is pitiful.  
The nostrils of his steed are brown  
With frozen blood ; and he will fall."

The iron passes of the hills  
With question were importunate ;  
And, but the sharp-tongued icy rills  
Had grown for once compassionate,  
The spiteful shades had had their wills.

Just when the ache in breast and brain  
And the frost smiting at his face  
Had sealed his spirit up with pain,  
He came out in a better place,  
And morning lay across the plain.

He saw the wet snails crawl and cling  
On fern-stalks where the rime had run,  
The careless birds went wing and wing,  
And in the low smile of the sun  
Life seemed almost a pleasant thing.

Right on the panting charger swung  
Through the bright depths of quiet grass ;  
The knight's lips moved as if they sung,  
And through the peace there came to pass  
The flattery of lute and tongue.

From the mid-flowering of the mead  
There swelled a sob of minstrelsy,  
Faint sackbuts and the dreamy reed,  
And plaintive lips of maids thereby,  
And songs blown out like thistle seed.

Forth from her maidens came the bride,  
And as his loosened rein fell slack

He muttered, "In their throats they lied  
Who said that I should ne'er win back  
To kiss her lips before I died!"

## SONG-FLOWER AND POPPY

### I

#### IN NEW YORK

HE plays the deuce with my writing time,  
For the penny my sixth-floor neighbor throws;  
He finds me proud of my pondered rhyme,  
And he leaves me — well, God knows  
It takes the shine from a tunester's line  
When a little mate of the deathless Nine  
Pipes up under your nose!

For listen, there is his voice again,  
Wistful and clear and piercing sweet.  
Where did the boy find such a strain  
To make a dead heart beat?  
And how in the name of care can he bear  
To jet such a fountain into the air  
In this gray gulch of a street?

Tuscan slopes or the Piedmontese?  
Umbria under the Apennine?

South, where the terraced lemon-trees  
Round rich Sorrento shine ?  
Venice moon on the smooth lagoon ? —  
Where have I heard that aching tune,  
That boyish throat divine ?

Beyond my roofs and chimney pots  
A rag of sunset crumbles gray ;  
Below, fierce radiance hangs in clots  
O'er the streams that never stay.  
Shrill and high, newsboys cry  
The worst of the city's infamy  
For one more sordid day.

But my desire has taken sail  
For lands beyond, soft-horizoned :  
Down languorous leagues I hold the trail,  
From Marmalada, steeply throned  
Above high pastures washed with light,  
Where dolomite by dolomite  
Looms sheer and spectral-coned,

To purple vineyards looking south  
On reaches of the still Tyrrhene ;  
Virgilian headlands, and the mouth  
Of Tiber, where that ship put in  
To take the dead men home to God,

Whereof Casella told the mode  
To the great Florentine.

Up stairways blue with flowering weed  
I climb to hill-hung Bergamo ;  
All day I watch the thunder breed  
Golden above the springs of Po,  
Till the voice makes sure its wavering lure,  
And by Assisi's portals pure  
I stand, with heart bent low.

O hear, how it blooms in the blear dayfall,  
That flower of passionate wistful song !  
How it blows like a rose by the iron wall  
Of the city loud and strong.  
How it cries "Nay, nay" to the worldling's way,  
To the heart's clear dream how it whispers,  
    "Yea ;  
Time comes, though the time is long."

Beyond my roofs and chimney piles  
Sunset crumbles, ragged, dire ;  
The roaring street is hung for miles  
With fierce electric fire.  
Shrill and high, newsboys cry  
The gross of the planet's destiny  
Through one more sullen gyre.

Stolidly the town flings down  
Its lust by day for its nightly lust ;  
Who does his given stint, 't is known,  
Shall have his mug and crust. —  
Too base of mood, too harsh of blood,  
Too stout to seize the grosser good,  
Too hungry after dust !

O hark ! how it blooms in the falling dark,  
That flower of mystical yearning song :  
Sad as a hermit thrush, as a lark  
Uplifted, glad, and strong.  
Heart, we have chosen the better part !  
Save sacred love and sacred art  
Nothing is good for long.

## II

### AT ASSISI

Before St. Francis' burg I wait,  
Frozen in spirit, faint with dread ;  
His presence stands within the gate,  
Mild splendor rings his head.  
Gently he seems to welcome me :  
Knows he not I am quick, and he  
Is dead, and priest of the dead ?

I turn away from the gray church pile ;  
I dare not enter, thus undone :  
Here in the roadside grass awhile  
I will lie and watch for the sun.  
Too purged of earth's good glee and strife,  
Too drained of the honied lusts of life,  
Was the peace these old saints won !

And lo ! how the laughing earth says no  
To the fear that mastered me ;  
To the blood that aches and clamors so  
How it whispers " Verily."

Here by my side, marvelous-dyed,  
Bold stray-away from the courts of pride,  
A poppy-bell flaunts free.

St. Francis sleeps upon his hill,  
And a poppy flower laughs down his creed;  
Triumphant light her petals spill,  
His shrines are dim indeed.  
Men build and plan, but the soul of man,  
Coming with haughty eyes to scan,  
Feels richer, wilder need.

How long, old builder Time, wilt bide  
Till at thy thrilling word  
Life's crimson pride shall have to bride  
The spirit's white accord,  
Within that gate of good estate  
Which thou must build us soon or late,  
Hoar workman of the Lord?

## HOW THE MEAD-SLAVE WAS SET FREE

NAY, move not ! Sit just as you are,  
Under the carved wings of the chair.  
The hearth-glow sifting through your hair  
Turns every dim pearl to a star  
Dawn-drowned in floods of brightening air.

I have been thinking of that night  
When all the wide hall burst to blaze  
With spears caught up, thrust fifty ways  
To find my throat, while I lay white  
And sick with joy, to think the days

I dragged out in your hateful North —  
A slave, constrained at banquet's need  
To fill the black bull's horns with mead  
For drunken sea-thieves — were henceforth  
Cast from me as a poison weed,

While Death thrust roses in my hands !  
But you, who knew the flowers he had  
Were no such roses ripe and glad

As nod in my far southern lands,  
But pallid things to make men sad,

Put back the spears with one calm hand,  
Raised on your knee my wondering head,  
Wiped off the trickling drops of red  
From my torn forehead with a strand  
Of your bright loosened hair, and said :

“ Sea-rovers ! would you kill a skald ?  
This boy has hearkened Odin sing  
Unto the clang and winnowing  
Of raven’s wings. His heart is thrall’d  
To music, as to some strong king ;

“ And this great thralldom works disdain  
Of lesser serving. Once release  
These bonds he bears, and he may please  
To give you guerdon sweet as rain  
To sailors calmed in thirsty seas.”

Then, having soothed their rage to rest,  
You led me to old Skagi’s throne,  
Where yellow gold rims in the stone ;  
And in my arms, against my breast,  
Thrust his great harp of walrus bone.

How they came crowding, tunes on tunes !  
How good it was to touch the strings  
And feel them thrill like happy things  
That flutter from the gray cocoons  
On hedge rows, in your gradual springs !

All grew a blur before my sight,  
As when the stealthy white fog slips  
At noonday on the staggering ships ;  
I saw one single spot of light,  
Your white face, with its eager lips —

And so I sang to that. O thou  
Who liftedst me from out my shame !  
Wert thou content when Skagi came,  
Put his own chaplet on my brow,  
And bent and kissed his own harp-frame ?

## A DIALOGUE IN PURGATORY

*Poi disse un altro . . . . " Io son Buonconte :  
Giovanna o altri non ha di me cura ;  
Per ch' io vo tra costor con bassa fronte."*

*Seguito il terzo spirito al secondo,  
" Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia ;  
Siena mi fe, disfecemi Maremma.  
Salsi colui che inannellata pria  
Disposata m' avea colla sua gemma."*

PURGATORIO, CANTO V.

### I

#### BUONCONTE

SISTER, the sun has ceased to shine ;  
By companies of twain and trine  
Stars gather ; from the sea  
The moon comes momentarily.

On all the roads that ring our hill  
The sighing and the hymns are still :  
It is our time to gain  
Strength for to-morrow's pain.

Yet still your eyes are wholly bent  
 Upon the way that Virgil went,  
 Following Sordello's sign,  
 With the dark Florentine.

Night now has barred their upward track :  
 There where the mountain-side folds back  
 And in the Vale of Flowers  
 The Princes count their hours

Those three friends sit in the clear starlight  
 With the green-clad angels left and right, —  
 Soul made by wakeful soul  
 More earnest for the goal.

So let us, sister, though our place  
 Is barren of that Valley's grace,  
 Sit hand in hand, till we  
 Seem rich as those friends be.

## II

### LA PIA

Brother, 't were sweet your hand to feel  
 In mine ; it would a little heal  
 The shame that makes me poor,  
 And dumb at the heart's core.

But where our spirits felt Love's dearth,  
 Down on the green and pleasant earth,  
 Remains the fleshly shell,  
 Love's garment tangible.

So now our hands have naught to say :  
 Heart unto heart some other way  
 Must utter forth its pain,  
 Must glee or comfort gain.

Ah, no ! For souls like you and me  
 Some comfort waits, but never glee :  
 Not yours the young men's singing  
 In Heaven, at the bride-bringing ;

Not mine, beside God's living waters,  
 Dance of the marriageable daughters,  
 The laughter and the ease  
 Beneath His summer trees.

### III

#### BUONCONTE

In fair Arezzo's halls and bowers  
 My Giovanna speeds her hours  
 Delicately, nor cares  
 To shorten by her prayers

My days upon this mount of ruth:  
 If those who come from earth speak sooth,  
 Though still I call and call,  
 She does not heed at all.

And if aright your words I read  
 At Dante's passing, he you wed  
 Dipped from the drains of Hell  
 The marriage hydromel.

O therefore, while the moon intense  
 Holds yonder dreaming sea suspense,  
 And round the shadowy coasts  
 Gather the wistful ghosts,

Let us sit quiet all the night,  
 And wonder, wonder on the light  
 Worn by those spirits fair  
 Whom Love has not left bare.

## IV

## LA PIA

Even as theirs, the chance was mine  
 To meet and mate beneath Love's sign,  
 To feel in soul and sense  
 The solemn influence

Which, breathed upon a man or maid,  
Maketh forever unafraid,  
Though life with death unite  
That spirit to affright, —

Which lifts the changèd heart high up,  
As the priest lifts the changèd cup,  
Boldens the feet to pace  
Before God's proving face.

O just a thought beyond the blue  
The wings of the dove yearned down and through !  
Even now I hear and hear  
How near they were, how near !

I murmur not. Rightly disgraced,  
The weak hand stretched abroad in haste  
For gifts barely allowed  
The tacit, strong, and proud.

But therefore was I so intent  
To watch where Dante onward went  
With the Roman spirit pure  
And the grave troubadour,

Because my mind was busy then  
With the loves that wait those gentle men :

Cunizza one; and one  
Bice, above the sun ;

And for the other, more and less  
Than woman's near-felt tenderness,  
A million voices dim  
Praising him, praising him.

## V

## BUONCONTE

The waves that wash this mountain's base  
Were crimson in the sun's low rays,  
When, singing high and fast,  
An angel downward passed,

To bid some patient soul arise  
And make it fair for Paradise;  
And upward, so attended,  
That soul its journey wended;

Yet you, who in these lower rings  
Wait for the coming of such wings,  
Turned not your eyes to view  
Whether they came for you,

But watched, but watched great Virgil stayed  
Greeting Sordello's couchant shade,

Which to salute him rose  
Like lion from its pose ;

While humbly by those lords of song  
Stood he whose living limbs are strong  
To mount where Mary's bliss  
Is shed on Beatrice.

On him your gaze was fastened, more  
Than on those great names Mantua bore ;  
Your eyes hold the distress  
Still, of that wistfulness.

Yea, fit he seemed much love to rouse !  
His pilgrim lips and iron brows  
Grew like a woman's, dim,  
While you held speech with him ;

And troubled came his mortal breath  
The while I told him of my death ;  
His looks were changed and wan  
When Virgil led him on.

VI

LA PIA

E'er since Casella came this morn,  
Newly o'er yonder ocean borne,

Bound upward for the choir  
Who purge themselves in fire,

And from that meinie he was of  
Stayed backward at my cry of love,  
To speak awhile with me  
Of life and Tuscany,

And, parting, told us how e'er day  
Was done, Dante would come this way,  
With mortal feet, to find  
His sweetheart, sky-enshrined, —

E'er since Casella spoke such news  
My heart has lain in a golden muse,  
Picturing him and her,  
What starry ones they were.

And now the moon sheds its compassion  
O'er the hushed mount, I try to fashion  
The manner of their meeting,  
Their few first words of greeting.

O well for them, with claspèd hands,  
Unshamed amid the heavenly bands !  
They hear no pitying pair  
Of old-time lovers there

Look down and say in an undertone,  
" This latest-come, who comes alone,  
Was still alone on earth,  
And lonely from his birth."

Nor feel a sudden whisper mar  
God's weather, " Dost thou see the scar  
That spirit hideth so ?  
Who dealt her such a blow

" That God can hardly wipe it out ? "  
And answer, " She gave love, no doubt,  
To one who saw not fit  
To set much store by it."

## THE DAGUERREOTYPE

THIS, then, is she,  
My mother as she looked at seventeen,  
When she first met my father. Young in-  
credibly,  
Younger than spring, without the faintest trace  
Of disappointment, weariness, or tean  
Upon the childlike earnestness and grace  
Of the waiting face.  
These close-wound ropes of pearl  
(Or common beads made precious by their use)  
Seem heavy for so slight a throat to wear;  
But the low bodice leaves the shoulders bare  
And half the glad swell of the breast, for news  
That now the woman stirs within the girl.  
And yet,  
Even so, the loops and globes  
Of beaten gold  
And jet  
Hung, in the stately way of old,  
From the ears' drooping lobes  
On festivals and Lord's-day of the week,  
Show all too matron-sober for the cheek,—

Which, now I look again, is perfect child,  
Or no — or no — 't is girlhood's very self,  
Moulded by some deep, mischief-ridden elf  
So meek, so maiden mild,  
But startling the close gazer with the sense  
Of passions forest-shy and forest-wild,  
And delicate delirious merriments.

As a moth beats sidewise  
And up and over, and tries  
To skirt the irresistible lure  
Of the flame that has him sure,  
My spirit, that is none too strong to-day,  
Flutters and makes delay, —  
Pausing to wonder on the perfect lips,  
Lifting to muse upon the low-drawn hair  
And each hid radiance there,  
But powerless to stem the tide-race bright,  
The vehement peace which drifts it toward the  
light

Where soon — ah, now, with cries  
Of grief and giving-up unto its gain  
It shrinks no longer nor denies,  
But dips  
Hurriedly home to the exquisite heart of pain, —  
And all is well, for I have seen them plain,  
The unforgettable, the unforgotten eyes !

Across the blinding gush of these good tears  
They shine as in the sweet and heavy years  
When by her bed and chair  
We children gathered jealously to share  
The sunlit aura breathing myrrh and thyme,  
Where the sore-stricken body made a clime  
Gentler than May and pleasanter than rhyme,  
Holier and more mystical than prayer.

God, how thy ways are strange !  
That this should be, even this,  
The patient head  
Which suffered years ago the dreary change !  
That these so dewy lips should be the same  
As those I stooped to kiss  
And heard my harrowing half-spoken name,  
A little ere the one who bowed above her,  
Our father and her very constant lover,  
Rose stoical, and we knew that she was dead.  
Then I, who could not understand or share  
His antique nobleness,  
Being unapt to bear  
The insults which time flings us for our proof,  
Fled from the horrible roof  
Into the alien sunshine merciless,  
The shrill satiric fields ghastly with day,  
Raging to front God in his pride of sway

And hurl across the lifted swords of fate  
That ringed Him where He sat  
My puny gage of scorn and desolate hate  
Which somehow should undo Him, after all !  
That this girl face, expectant, virginal,  
Which gazes out at me  
Boon as a sweetheart, as if nothing loth  
(Save for the eyes, with other presage stored)  
To pledge me troth,  
And in the kingdom where the heart is lord  
Take sail on the terrible gladness of the deep  
Whose winds the gray Norns keep, —  
That this should be indeed  
The flesh which caught my soul, a flying seed,  
Out of the to and fro  
Of scattering hands where the seedsman Mage,  
Stooping from star to star and age to age  
Sings as he sows !  
That underneath this breast  
Nine moons I fed  
Deep of divine unrest,  
While over and over in the dark she said,  
“Blessèd ! but not as happier children blessed” —  
That this should be  
Even she. . . .  
God, how with time and change  
Thou makest thy footsteps strange !

Ah, now I know

They play upon me, and it is not so.

Why, 't is a girl I never saw before,

A little thing to flatter and make weep,

To tease until her heart is sore,

Then kiss and clear the score ;

A gypsy run-the-fields,

A little liberal daughter of the earth,

Good for what hour of truancy and mirth

The careless season yields

Hither-side the flood o' the year and yonder of  
the neap ;

Then thank you, thanks again, and twenty light  
good-byes. —

O shrined above the skies,

Frown not, clear brow,

Darken not, holy eyes !

Thou knowest well I know that it is thou !

Only to save me from such memories

As would unman me quite,

Here in this web of strangeness caught

And prey to troubled thought

Do I devise

These foolish shifts and slight ;

Only to shield me from the afflicting sense

Of some waste influence

Which from this morning face and lustrous hair

Breathes on me sudden ruin and despair.

In any other guise,  
With any but this girlish depth of gaze,  
Your coming had not so unsealed and poured  
The dusty amphoras where I had stored  
The drippings of the winepress of my days.  
I think these eyes foresee,  
Now in their unawakened virgin time,  
Their mother's pride in me,  
And dream even now, unconsciously,  
Upon each soaring peak and sky-hung lea  
You pictured I should climb.  
Broken premonitions come,  
Shapes, gestures visionary,  
Not as once to maiden Mary  
The manifest angel with fresh lilies came  
Intelligibly calling her by name ;  
But vanishingly, dumb,  
Thwarted and bright and wild,  
As heralding a sin-defiled,  
Earth-encumbered, blood-begotten, passionate  
    man-child,  
Who yet should be a trump of mighty call  
Blown in the gates of evil kings  
To make them fall ;  
Who yet should be a sword of flame before  
The soul's inviolate door  
To beat away the clang of hellish wings ;

Who yet should be a lyre  
Of high unquenchable desire  
In the day of little things. —  
Look, where the amphoras,  
The yield of many days,  
Trod by my hot soul from the pulp of self  
And set upon the shelf  
In sullen pride  
The Vineyard-master's tasting to abide —  
O mother mine !  
Are these the bringings-in, the doings fine,  
Of him you used to praise ?  
Emptied and overthrown  
The jars lie strown.  
These, for their flavor duly nursed,  
Drip from the stopples vinegar accursed ;  
These, I thought honied to the very seal,  
Dry, dry, — a little acid meal,  
A pinch of mouldy dust,  
Sole leavings of the amber-mantling must ;  
These, rude to look upon,  
But flasking up the liquor dearest won,  
Through sacred hours and hard,  
With watching and with wrestlings and with  
grief,  
Even of these, of these in chief,  
The stale breath sickens, reeking from the shard.

Nothing is left. Ay, how much less than  
naught!

What shall be said or thought  
Of the slack hours and waste imaginings,  
The cynic rending of the wings,  
Known to that froward, that unreckoning heart  
Whereof this brewage was the precious part,  
Treasured and set away with furtive boast?  
O dear and cruel ghost,  
Be merciful, be just!  
See, I was yours and I am in the dust.  
Then look not so, as if all things were well!  
Take your eyes from me, leave me to my shame,  
Or else, if gaze they must,  
Steel them with judgment, darken them with  
blame;  
But by the ways of light ineffable  
You bade me go and I have faltered from,  
By the low waters moaning out of hell  
Whereto my feet have come,  
Lay not on me these intolerable  
Looks of rejoicing love, of pride, of happy trust!

Nothing dismayed?

By all I say and all I hint not made  
Afraid?

O then, stay by me! Let

These eyes afflict me, cleanse me, keep me yet.

Brave eyes and true !  
See how the shriveled heart, that long has lain  
Dead to delight and pain,  
Stirs, and begins again  
To utter pleasant life, as if it knew  
The wintry days were through ;  
As if in its awakening boughs it heard  
The quick, sweet-spoken bird.  
Strong eyes and brave,  
Inexorable to save !



**THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW**

**RENEWED BOOKS ARE SUBJECT TO IMMEDIATE  
RECALL**

**LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, DAVIS**

Book Slip-50m-12,'64(F772s4)458

360256

PS2427

G45

Moody, W.V.

Gloucester moors  
and other poems.

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
DAVIS

